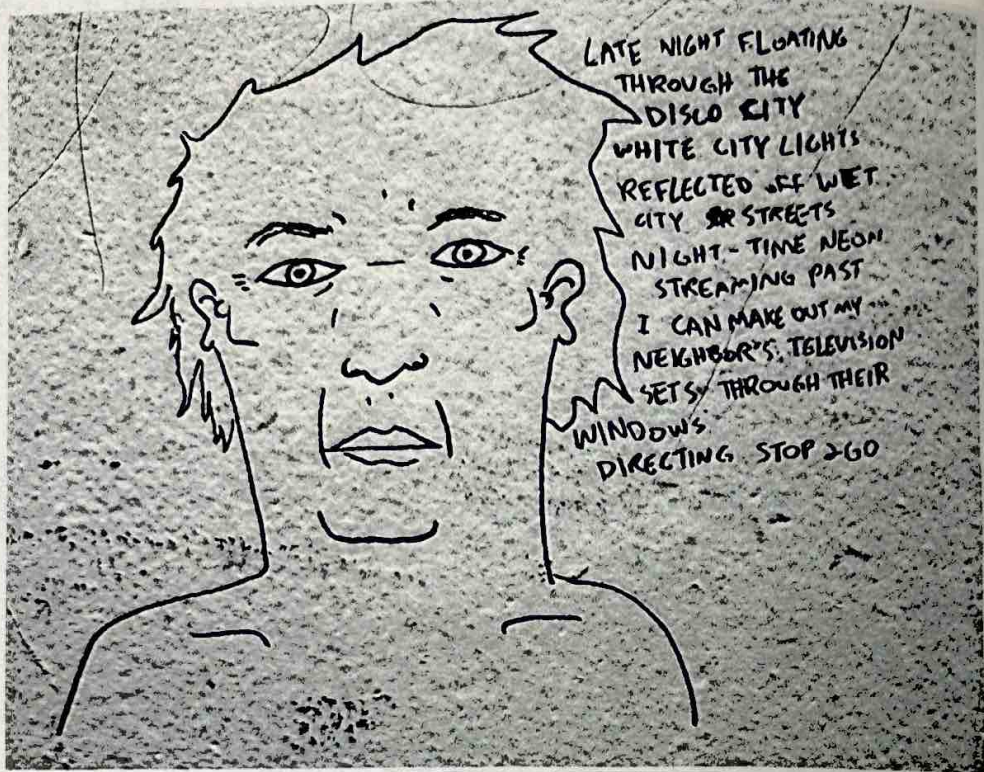


whrk zine

winter 2014
issue #1



WHPK Zine Volume I Winter 2014

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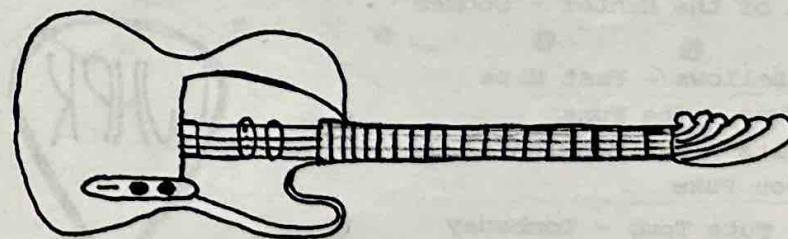
Website: <http://whpk.org>

Editor's Letter

I was first given the task of restarting the WHPK zine not long after receiving a position as a first-quarter DJ (a "rockbaby", if you will). I was gingerly sipping a can of Icehouse on the grungy couch in the station's back office during their open house in late September, when Rachel Schastok, one of the music directors, approached me. She was familiar with my work on 2017zine, a zine I'd started over the summer which published the art and writing of members of the incoming class of 2017, and asked me if I had any interest in rebooting an earlier, now defunct incarnation of WHPK's print publication. Upon leafing through a copy of one of its past issues, with full-color pages and interviews with high-profile artists, I knew I had big shoes to fill. But I was up to the task. It took a few weeks and a station-sanctioned zine meeting to really get the ball rolling, but a slow and steady stream of submissions from current DJs, station alumni, and community members began to fill my Gmail inbox.

With this zine, we hope to create a tangible record of some of the many things we do here at WHPK: reviewing all the new releases that enter our storied music library (*Fresh From the New Bin*), putting on shows (*Pictures of Sounds* features), engaging with Chicago's independent music scene (*Oozing Wound* interview), and of course, listening to lots and lots of music. After much printing, cutting, pasting, scanning, photocopying, folding, and stapling, you now hold the black-and-white photocopied fruit of our labor in your hands. Hail Satan.

Juliet Eldred
Zine Queen

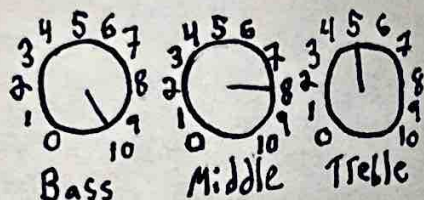


2013 in Review:

Your intrepid DJs listened to a lot of music in 2013. Here are some of their favorite releases.

Alexa Daugherty

1. Speedy Ortiz - Major Arcana
2. Implodes - Recurring Dream
3. Danny Brown - Old
4. Vampire Weekend - Modern Vampires of the City
5. Deerhunter - Monomania
6. Swans - The Seer
7. Lady Lamb the Beekeeper - Ripely Pine
8. Nadia Sirota - Baroque
9. Daughn Gibson - All Hell
10. Aye Nako - Unleash Yourself



Juliet Eldred

1. Speedy Ortiz - Major Arcana
2. Superchunk - I Hate Music
3. Neko Case - The Worse Things Get, The Harder I Fight, The Harder I Fight, The More I Love You
4. Los Campesinos! - No Blues
5. Planning for Burial - Quietly
6. My Bloody Valentine - m b v
7. Running - Vaguely Ethnic
8. Crywank - Tomorrow Is Nearly Yesterday And Everyday Is Stupid
9. The World is a Beautiful Place and I am No Longer Afraid to Die - Whenever, If Ever
10. YVETTE - Process

Andrew Fialkowski - Ten Chicago records I enjoyed last year:

1. Heavy Times - Fix it Alone
2. Toupee - Dinner Parties
3. Basic Cable - I'm Good to Drive
4. Running - Vaguely Ethnic
5. Oozing Wound - Retrash
6. Night of the Hunter - Doomed Tascam
7. John Bellows - Fast Hits
8. The Funs - The Funs
9. Lil Tits - Rat Mansion // Do it Til you Puke
10. King Tuts Tomb - Tombsday



Year-End Top Tens

Quinn's "Best Albums of 2013"

- Bass Drum of Death
- Bass Drum of Death
- Shannon + the Clams
- Dreams in the Rat House
- Hunx + his Punx
- Street Punk
- The Growl
- What Would Christ Do??

- Fat White Family
- Champagne Holocaust
- Summer Cannibals
- No Makeup

- FIDLAR
- FIDLAR

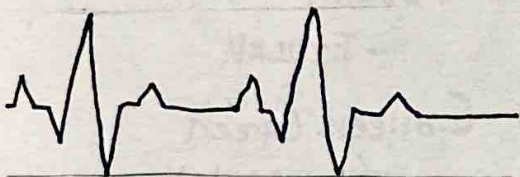
- Colleen Green
- Sock it to Me

- Wax Witches
- Celebrity Beatings

- V V Brown
- Samson + Delilah

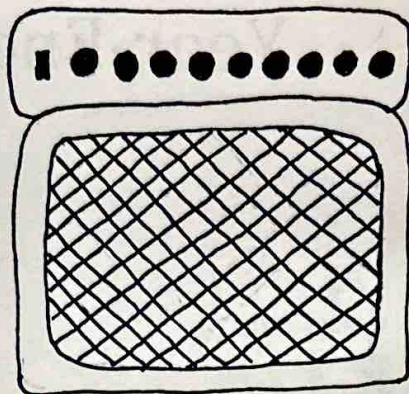
Jonathan Kyl

1. Vakula - You've Never Been to Konotop (Selected Works 2009-2012)
2. Boards of Canada - Tomorrow's Harvest
3. DJ Koze - Amygdala
4. Oneohtrix Point Never - R Plus Seven
5. Jahiliyya Fields - Pleasure Sentence
6. Knxwledge. - WrapTaypes.Prt.6
7. L-Vis 1990 - Ballads
8. Marcel Fengler - Fokus
9. Laurel Halo - Chance of Rain
10. Rose - Monad XVI



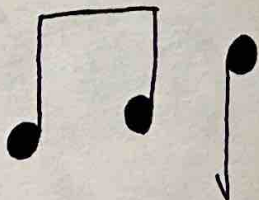
Rob Sperry-Fromm

1. Deafheaven - Sunbather
2. Carcass - Surgical Steel
3. Killer Mike and El-P - Run the Jewels
4. Kvelertak - Meir
5. The Wonder Years - The Greatest Generation (FUCK EVERYONE)
6. Danny Brown - Old
7. Chelsea Wolfe - Pain is Beauty
8. Skeletonwitch - Serpents Unleashed
9. Speedy Ortiz - Major Arcana
10. KEN Mode - Entrench



Charlie Rock

1. Vampire Weekend - Modern Vampires of the City
2. Dirty Beaches - Drifters/Love is the Devil
3. Jessica Pratt - Jessica Pratt
4. Matana Roberts - Coin Coin Chapter Two: Mississippi Moonchile
5. Ahnnu - World Music
6. Jessy Lanza - Pull My Hair Back
7. Forest Swords - Engravings
8. Aki Onda - Cassette Memories Vol. 3: South of the Border
9. Laurel Halo - Chance of Rain
10. Grouper - The Man Who Died in His Boat



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Juliet Eldred

No Joy - Wait to Pleasure
Fuck Buttons - Slow Focus
Waxahatchee - Cerulean Salt
Iceage - You're Nothing
Giles Corey - Hinterkaifeck EP
Heliotropes - A Constant Sea
Pity Sex - Feast of Love
Whirr - Pipe Dreams
Perfect Pussy - I Have Lost
All Desire For Feeling EP
Hunters - Hunters

Charlie Rock

Kanye West - Yeezus
Nmesh - Nu.wav Hallucinations
Waxahatchee - Cerulean Salt
No Joy - Wait to Pleasure
Thee Oh Sees - Floating Coffin
LAMPGOD, **L_RD//SM\$ -
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T8PE??
clipping. - Midcity
L. Pierre - The Island Come True
Deafheaven - Sunbather
Cave - Threace

Rob Sperry-Fromm

Oozing Wound - Retrash
Haim - Days Are Gone (see #5)
Inter Arma - Sky Burial
Waxahatchee - Cerulean Salt
Wrekmeister Harmonies - You've Always Meant So Much To Me
Aye Nako - Unleash Yourself
Daft Punk - Random Access Memories
Northless - World Keeps Sinking
Atoms For Peace - Amok
Power Trip - Manifest
Decimation

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Alex
(Earring) →



Gene
(Slurp's Up) →

Pictures of Sounds

Photos by Juliet Eldred

Rebecca
(Negative Scanner)
→



Kalil
(Slurp's Up)

Negative Scanner, Earring, Slurp's Up
Cobb Coffee Shop
12.06.13



I EXIST

WHPK

88.5 FM

WHPK.ORG/STREAM

No-Chord Wonders: Five Punk Rock Records That Attack Any and All Standards of Received Musical Form and Good Taste by Mike O'Flaherty

"A return to rock'n'roll roots," "back to basics," "raw, primal rhythms and guitars" - such were the terms in which the punk movement was cast by its late-'70s pioneers and their supporters in the rock press. The mainstream rock scene of the time, so the story went, was characterized by multi-sectioned, "classically-influenced" epics delivered via towering swords-'n'-sorcery stage sets looking like Harry Potter's malt-liquor-and-crack-induced nightmare, to the semi-conscious oohing and aahing of teenaged hordes of recreational-household-inhalant aficionados. Then, with one safety-pin-pierced hand, PUNK swept away this vast, bloated miasma in a single violently strummed chord of gloriously discordant simplicity and purity.

This was true as far as it went. However, as that cagiest of '60s survivors Neil Young put it around that time, there was more to the picture than met the eye. The supposedly "primal" '50s, progenitors to which punk was said to har back, were actually supremely accomplished musicians, capable of guitar playing that combined accurate yet quicksilver fretwork with fluid lyricism - think Scotty Moore's work with Elvis or James Burton's with Ricky Nelson, let alone Chuck Berry. Even prominent punk musicians themselves, like the Sex Pistols' Steve Jones, were virtuosos within the strictly demarcated musical area they staked out, delivering the goods with verve and pin-point precision. Just check out any live recording of Johnny Thunders - even opiated to the point that they had to prop him up against the mike stand, the guy didn't miss a note. So, given the tendency toward extremist one-upmanship in any radical current, it was inevitable that somebody would take the screw-the-rules, chaos-is-the-future credo of punk not as a vague normative ideal, but rather as a concrete blueprint for action. Here are a few who did. —>

1) The Slits, "A Boring Life"

"Are you ready?" "...Ready?" Silence, and the sound of some object being moved. Then a groaned "Ohhh no..." followed by a shuddering, grinding roar of guitar. The drums catch up after a measure or two, or three. Meanwhile a young woman is hollering about her dire lot in life, the rhythm of her voice seeming to follow the logic of her thoughts as much as or more than what the rest of the band is doing at the moment. You can tell they've hit the chorus because the pitch of the distorto-guitar spew modulates a couple of notes up and the other girls join in shouting "What a boring life!" until the rhythm collapses in on itself in a momentary spasm before lurching toward the next verse.

For better or worse, the band's secret weapon was drummer Palmolive; she evolved rapidly from the wild amateur heard here into a total powerhouse, in the process dragging the rest of the band kicking and screaming into at least the run-down outskirts of "normal" rock and roll. Throughout it all, though, the Slits remained gloriously untamed at heart, UK punk's truest believers (as well as some of its earliest). The version of "A Boring Life" described above is on the rare-to-the-point-of-invisibility *Once Upon A Time In A Living Room* LP; an almost-as-good version can be heard, along with other very early stuff, on the *In The Beginnin* CD.

2) The Germs, *Germicide*

The Germs travelled faster and farther musically in their three-year existence than most bands do in many times that span. By 1979's (*GI*) they'd honed a precise, lightning-quick wrecking-ball attack that set the scene for hardcore. To say that one wouldn't have expected that based on the 1977 live recording issued as *Germicide*, (first on cassette, later on CD) is putting it mildly indeed. In their defense, they'd only been playing their instruments for a few months - not that this seemed to have struck anybody as a potential problem.

The drummer actually does sort of keep time; she just doesn't seem to be particularly aware of what the other band members are doing. The guitar and bass trundle haphazardly along in a dazed smog while Darby Crash (then Bobby Pyn) sings some of the time, when he's not shouting down hecklers ("Oh wow, big pussy!") or assaulting onlookers with peanut butter. The songs are actually pretty great, several never to be recorded again, and the version of the Archies' "Sugar Sugar" is definitive.

3) The Rotters, "Amputee/Sit On My Face Stevie Nicks"

In biology, geographical isolation has been responsible for the emergence of many strange and interesting organisms. Some cognate phenomenon was at work in the case of the Rotters. Late '70s LA was one of the world's preeminent early punk scenes, but the pleasantly sleepy coastal college town of Santa Barbara, three hours' drive to the north, was still the archetypal mellow post-hippie haven. The Rotters stuck out like a sickly-green dog turn on a beach full of horrified frisbee-flicking frolickers.

Influence by the Sex Pistols, and only the Sex Pistols, the band clanged aimlessly along behind vocalist "Nigel Nitro"'s ludicrously fake-Brit-accented Rottenism. Better yet were guitarist "Phester Swollen"'s demented solos; usually lagging noticeably behind the beat, and considerably louder than the rest of the band, they are the musical equivalent of a clumsily grafted limb twitching madly with little discernable relationship to the body to which it has been attached. The recordings were made for course credit by Steely Dan-loving UCSB audio-engineering students who hated the band's guts and gave them a disorienting, cavern-like sound that adds to the glorious ill-fittedness of the entire enterprise.

Fun fact: when Mick Fleetwood heard "Sit On My Face Stevie Nicks," he reportedly threatened to beat all of the Rotters silly if he ever ran into them; he and Stevie were having an affair at the time. (My favorite Mick Fleetwood anecdote is when he said that if you laid every line of cocaine he ever did end-to-end, it would stretch from LA to Las Vegas. What a guy!) Both songs were initially issued as the Rotters' debut single in 1979; they can be found, along with much other fine early work, on their *Pull It And Yell* CD.

4) Mikey Wild and the Mess, "Die Die Die/I Hate New York"

Mikey Wild was a) developmentally disabled and b) by his own account Philadelphia's first punk rocker. The above may or may not be relevant to the utter singularity and indifference to/defiance of the outside world exhibited on these songs, which comprised a 1988 single but may have been recorded earlier. The band grinds along in an erratically pummeling stomp, like a conveyor belt with something jammed into the gears, while Mr. Wild's mush-mouthed caterwauling weaves in and out of the beat: "Aahuuh, I uh...I hate fuckin'...FUCK YOU NEW YORK!! I hate the Jets, the Mets, the Yankees, AND the Rockettes!" A flawless performance. These tracks, and other classics like "Chicks with Dicks" and "Vincent Price (Wasn't Very Nice)", are included on the *I Was A Punk Before You Were A Punk* CD, credited to Mikey Wild and the Magic Lanterns. Not included, sadly, is Wild's tribute to Uncle Eddie, the lovable Philadelphia eccentric who paid kids in video game cartridges and pizza to shit on him while he lay nude in his bathtub (the kids supposedly picketed in protest against his imprisonment). It's this kind of municipal spirit that has made Wild's legend live on, even after his death, as the poet laureate/maudit of the cheesesteak capital.

5) The Thrown Ups, *Seven Years Golden*

There's a sudden avalanche of crashing and banging, like someone throwing a Marshall stack fully outfitted with plugged-in guitar down a steep staircase.

The sound fades down to a feedback hum, then a crazed, nasal voice hollers "Your band SUCKS!" The musicians lurch into a churning, off-kilter pattern of atonal, brain-dead Sabbath-sludge, while the nasal-voice guy emits a sputtering spume of seemingly Tourette's inspired verbiage up top. Welcome to the wacky world of the Thrown-Ups. These guys are actually a bit of a ringer in terms of the rest of this here list - they were already accomplished musicians, Mark Arm and Steve Turner having started the "Seattle sound" as the half of Green River that went on to become Mudhoney instead of Pearl Jam (and I gotta say, the fact that this group is a mere degree or so of separation away from Eddie Vedder and Co. really gives me a warm fuzzy feeling inside.)

But if the example of Thrown-Ups demonstrates anything, it's that truly inspired musicians can forget everything they've so painstakingly acquired if need be. They posit a world in which the Shaggs and the Godz are of equal pertinence to the "Seattle sound" as, say, the Stooges, Sabbath, Grand Funk Railroad, etc. But that distinctively Northwestern '70s-cock-rock-meets-postpunk gestalt is indeed present here too, making this a sort of terrifying fun-house-mirror-distorted premonition/parody of the "grunge" music that would take over American rock during the 1990s. In fact, if groups like the Stone Temple Pilots and Alice in Chains essayed a model of rock sexuality in which Robert Plant and Robert Smith melded into a broodingly-tormented-yet-threateningly-virile studmuffin/thundergod, the Thrown-Ups' version was more like a toothless hobo up on a fire escape wacking off while checking out passing women below, then tripping over the pants slumped at his feet and tumbling headfirst down into an open dumpster. The *Seven Years Golden* CD collects nearly all of their stuff, one tragic exception being perhaps their finest work, "Traffic Accident Sex." It appears on the multi-artist *Dope, Guns, and Fucking In The Streets Vol. 1-3* compilation, available in various formats. 😊

In Conversation with **Oozing Wound**

Conducted by Rob Sperry-Fromm

Oozing Wound have been favorites of WHPK for awhile now. Their debut full-length *Retrash* placed highly on our charts, and this, loosely thrash-metal outfit features members from other Chicago mainstays and friends of HPK like Cacaw, Unmanned Ship, and Heavy Times. They sold out the Empty Bottle for their raucous record release show, they've returned from their first tour, and they are currently writing songs for a second album. Their big-haired, Matt Pike sounding front howl-man and guitarist, Zack Weil, had time to talk to me about some cool stuff.

Rob: You all have backgrounds in other Chicago bands that, stylistically, often seem pretty far away from what Oozing Wound is doing. Was the decision to play metal one that arose organically or were you like "lets start a metal band." In either case, what made you want to go in this direction?

Zack: I would say organic, and I would also say that we have never come at the songwriting process with the mentality that something has to be metal or not metal. We usually aim for feeling or speed, but I mean the stuff I like to write riff-wise is usually somewhere in the grunge/punk/metal/no wave world. We've been called crossover and thrash, which we don't disagree with, but we have no connection those scenes or time periods. This is seriously the shit that is most fun to play. Heavy and fast, heavy and slow. I don't really feel the need to put emphasis on what kind of sub-genre it is. We'll be accused of attempting to branch out the new record we're working on because there's black metal on there, and sludge, and doom, and thrash, and all that shit. But it really is just doing what feels right in the song while we're writing it. I can slam my head against the wall for days trying to figure out what to do with a song, but most times if I listen carefully it's like the song writes itself. Genres be damned. We're never going to be like Metallica or Neurosis or anything, so we just do what makes us happy. We'll see if that's always going to be something in metal or not. More than anything though, it's really about rocking the fuck out, I don't get why people are so against it.

R: Talk to me a little bit more about the new record, because I think a lot of people at the station (myself included) are eagerly awaiting that, especially since it seems (and maybe this is incorrect) that you guys have a knack for churning out new and interesting material pretty quickly. Have you guys started laying down some recordings? Have you been testing any of the new material live?

Z: It's all part of the illusion! I'd say if we're working towards it we average a finished song once a month. That's not exceedingly fast, but we can come with a half-hour of kick ass shit in a year or so. We've talked about doing something longer, but longer records usually drag. Even on most 35-40 minute albums there is definitely shit that could be deleted. Streamline those fuckers!

we've had the first side of the new record done in terms of writing for a few months now. We've been playing at least one of those four at every show since May, so we feel pretty confident about it. Side B's been more of a challenge. It's going to be way more on the hypnotic side of things, but still thrashy in a way. Sounds like Oozers to us, but I bet some people will hate it. I would hope somebody would hate it, actually.

R: Do you guys have a sense of "now that we've done X with *Retrash*, now we want to do Y with this new thing, or is it really more about where the band seems to be going naturally?"

Z: The band is already pretty different than the project I started it as so it makes sense to just keep seeing where it goes. We have some guiding principles, but this will probably go in the more "experimental" direction. Think like "Into the Sun" from Grand Funk Live, just incessant energy and one fucking riff over and over. That's where the best shit is. It's not going to be the same record as *Retrash* for a whole bunch of reasons, not the least of which was how fast we recorded that thing and how we had no expectations for it

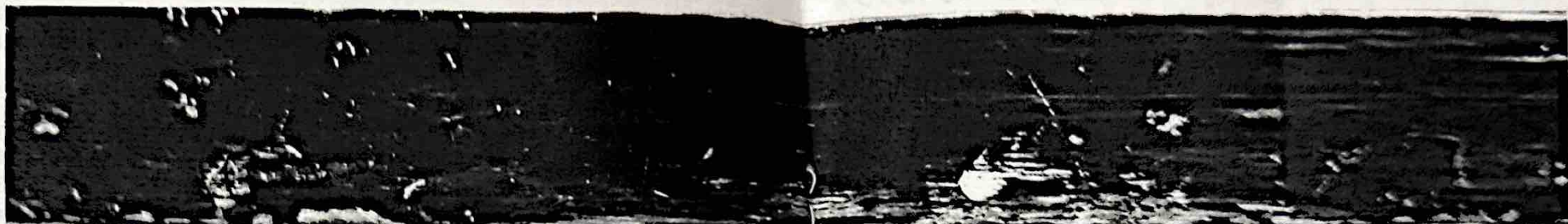
R: Based on some of what you've been saying, it sounds like your songwriting process is pretty organic in terms of how you want your songs to work. Does that mostly come out of you guys playing together or will you write stuff on your own and then bring it to the band to hash out? Would you say that everyone has equal songwriting input, or would you say that a certain person tends to dominate the writing?

Z: Well, I have a pretty extensive riff log that dates back a few years. I've grown out of writing full songs by myself so I'll just come up with as many riffs as I can and then I bring em to the boys and see which ones pique their interest. What comes from that is some jamming and testing of ideas which then leads me to take the song and try and find the most logical arrangement of riffs or whatever. It's a major back and forth like that so we're all equal songwriters and if someone's not feeling something, even after weeks or months or working on it, we'll ditch it. It means we don't come up with new songs all the time but we try and make them individually interesting and varied. I wonder if anyone ever notices.

R: A lot of interviews I've seen with you guys seem to place undue emphasis on locating you guys within a particular subgenre or subgenres of metal, and you guys seem to understandably chafe at this categorization process. Why do you think metalheads need to categorize everything? If you had to invent a new metal sub-genre that Oozing Wound was the sole proprietor of, what would you call it?

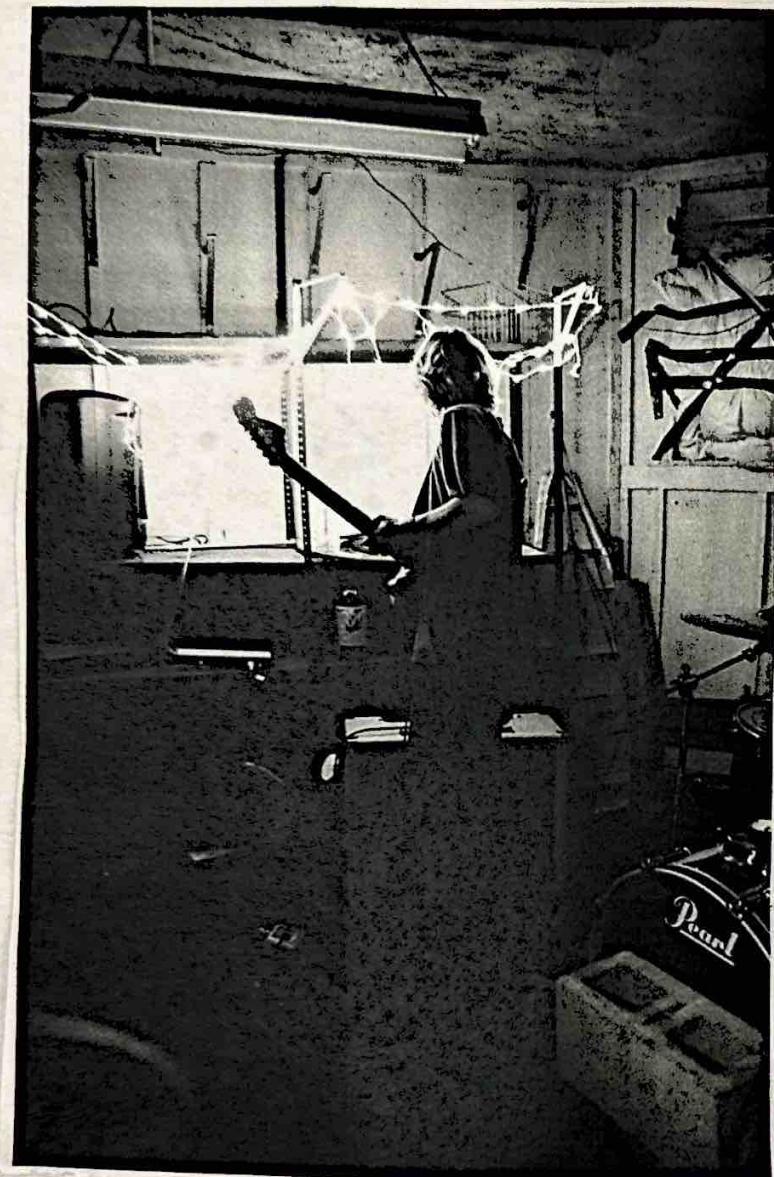
Z: It's not just metal-heads, man. That's the game that most music writers and obsessives play. I am not exempt from this, I like to categorize as much as anyone, but I hate putting labels on things that are still growing and existing. A lot of what you are is defined by the history of what happened in your wake, I think. If we're remembered at all I would hope it would exist outside of the thrash label as that genre's been dead and buried for almost 20 years now. I don't really care for the revivalists, not much a fan of modern production or aesthetics.

INTERVIEW CONTINUES ON PAGE 22 →



WE PUT THE 'RAD' IN RADIO!





Gene ↑

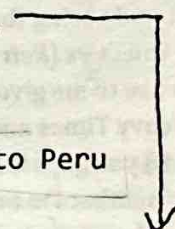
pictures of Sounds

Photos by Sara Lu

Kalil



Jolene



Let's Go to Peru
The Hive
10.04.13



OOZING WOUND INTERVIEWCONT. FROM PAGE 17

→ We're not traditionalists either, though. It's hard to explain on some levels, but the base line is that we do what makes sense to us to do. The thing is, and this is one of the first things that really endeared us to Thrill Jockey is that we don't see ourselves as a metal band and they thought the same thing. We are a rock band, it's just guitars and drums and yelling, not much deeper than that. I don't see what the fascination is with saying anything else. Kevin says we're Power-Trio, that's made as much sense as any other label.

R: What has this latest tour done for the band? Both in terms of getting people to hear you and in terms of building you guys as a unit?

Z: We had a lot of fun. Kyle finally drives so that was an interesting change from the last 6 years I've been playing with the guy. It solidified some things for us, but also reiterated the fact that Chicago is by and large our best audience. We play to much bigger crowds here than anywhere else, so I guess that'll keep us hungry for the next while. It put like 12 shows under our belts, so there's a bit of a confidence boost there in terms of what we do live. I've never been the consummate front man, never really know what to say to a crowd of strangers, but I'm getting better. I would say that all the weird ancillary bullshit becoming a little easier to do. A life of rocking, apparently.

R: Yeah, I would agree that there really does seem to be an enthusiasm about you guys in Chicago, especially being around WHPK and seeing that a lot of DJs who don't normally play heavier stuff are spinning you guys (*Retrash* was number 2 on our charts for October). This makes sense to me given that A) you guys have connections to other bands (especially *Heavy Times* and *Unmanned Ship*) that have a real following among people, and B) you guys kind of scratch a loud/fuzzy/druggy itch that I think a lot of us have (not that I'm accusing you of anything). **THAT BEING SAID** how crazy is it to be getting written up in the *New York Times* already? Did you ever expect anything like that to come out of this? You talked about the tour keeping you hungry, but does exposure like that, or from other places like Pitchfork or NPR, also make you say *man, we could really get someplace with this?* Or does the current, rather morbid state of music as a moneymaking endeavor really force you to keep your expectations managed? Where, simply, do you see *Oozing Wound* going in the years to come?

Z: It's totally hilarious, and the best shit to show to mom and dad who've invested so much into us as kids that it's like more for them than it is for us, you know? I guess what I mean is, is that it feels so nebulous. You get these reviews and shit and then it's like everything's exactly the same as it was. We're still just in a basement working on songs, working our day jobs as retail-ians and customer servants. On the same page it's what you always want as a musician, recognition that you exist. Doesn't kill the urge to continue doing shit, I've been writing songs since I was 13 it's like the only consistent thing I've ever done. We've grown up watching too many bands get full of themselves or take it too seriously. We'll do what we do until we're tired of doing it or too broke to continue investing in it. The *Ooze* could break up in 3 or 30 years, but it'll be when it makes sense to do. We don't want to get shitty, we'll leave that to our other bands.

have been noticing that non-metal fans are digging it, which is why I still stand by the fact that it's not exactly metal. Definitely has thrash and doom elements, but in equal parts to punk and grunge and other various sub-genres. Maybe that's what people are latching on to. I'd also like to think we're not completely tuneless.



Juliet Eldred

R: This line of conversation also makes me circle back to the metal question. As a metal fan, it seems to me like the genre is thriving. There is simply more and more great metal of all different kinds popping up all over the country and the world, and it also seems like its becoming more normal for the average, semi-adventurous music listener to consume some metal along with everything else they are listening to. Do you think you guys are the beneficiaries of a culture that seems more open to what you guys are doing that they might've been before, or do you still feel like a niche item that has to fight for your audience?

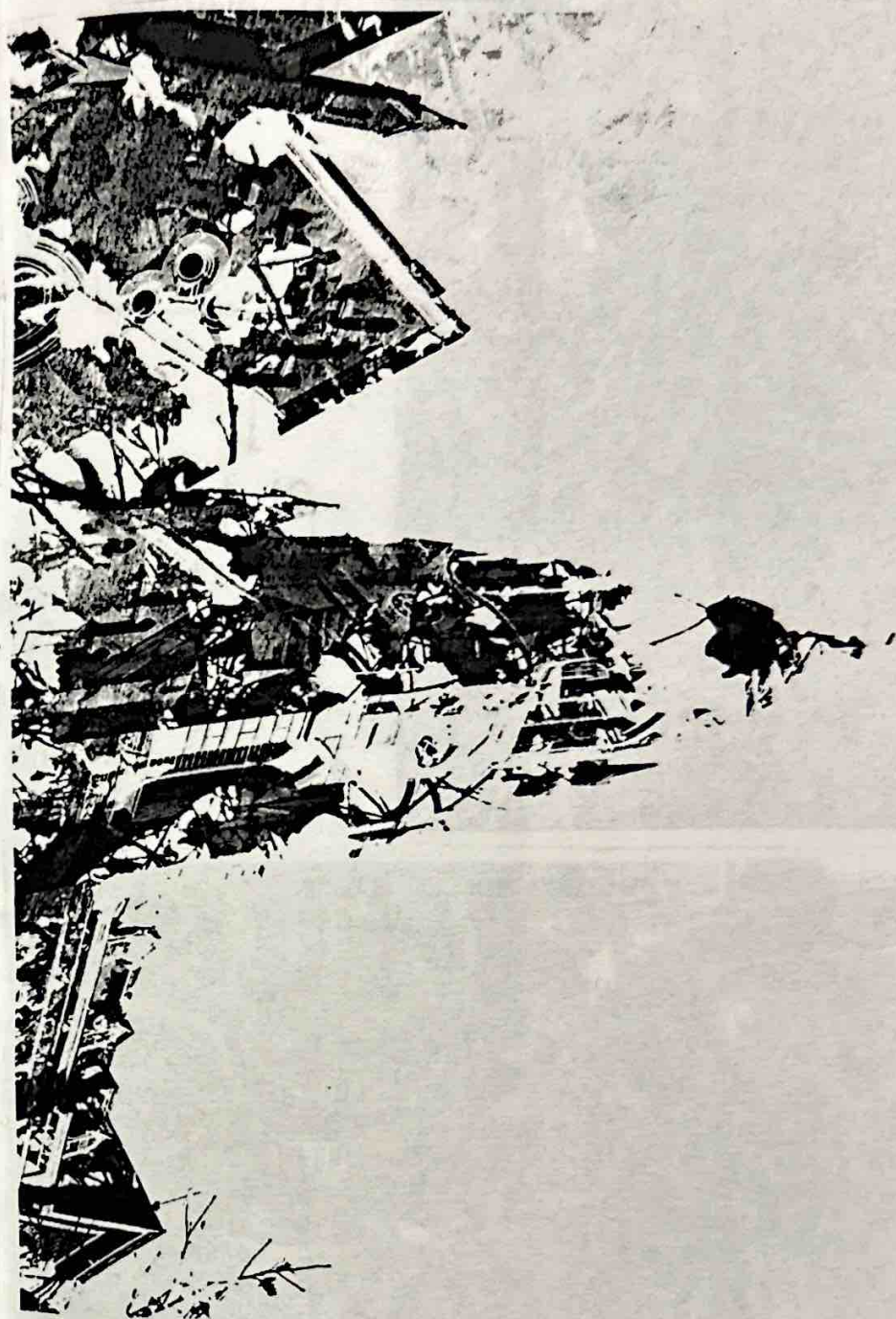
Z: Man, I dunno. Scenes and genres fluctuate with time and just as quickly as you're accepted, you're marginalized and forgotten. I think it's cool that people like metal, but I don't really give a shit either. There are some wonderful bands and some supreme shit monsters that I don't get how people listen to. I loathe modern metal production. Too mechanical and unvaried, fucking machines just working away like some dystopian mind fuck. I always profess my love of High on Fire and Matt Pike in these discussions because there is a guy who doesn't follow any trends and just makes great fucking records. Aside from, "Snakes of the Divine" their production choice is usually pretty excellent. I would take almost any record from the 70's over one from the past 20 years, and part of it is songwriting but in the end it's almost always because I hate the way things sound nowadays. That's a personal thing though, Kevin and Kyle are more lenient to the modern era.

R: So what are you listening to these days?

Z: I listen to mostly old shit, 70's power pop and rock is what's been on lately. Fleetwood Mac, Gene Clark, Devo, Badfinger, Shocking Blue. I was listening to Dust's "Hard Attack," and Phil Seymour's first album pretty much daily for a month or two. If I listen to too much metal the music I want to make seems to be in defiance of it. Like I write sad bastard pop stuff from listening to metal, I write metal from listening to pop. In New York I finally found a copy of Destruction's "Release From Agony," which is one of my favorite metal albums ever made. It's just about keeping a balance, you know? Kyle's the one who is usually out on the forefront buying new records every week. New bands worth listening to: Murderedmen, Drose, Cuntz, Running, Heavy Times...I have to stop, there are literally hundreds.

R: What is your favorite kind of cheese? What is your favorite kind of bird? If there was a band mascot, what would it be? If you had to tour with Avenged Sevenfold or Zakk Wylde, which would you choose and why? If Oozing Wound could guest star on any animated TV program, which would you select? If you could choose any music producer, alive or dead, and price not being an issue, to produce your next album who would it be and why?

Z: Cheese? Midnight Moon, it's fucking delicious. Bird? Do Dinosaurs count? No? Bird of Paradise, then. Mascot would be Uncle Oozy, toxic sludge puppet. Zakk Wylde because he and I have very similar names (Zack Weil), I use his brand of pick-ups and he's closer to actual metal than Avenged Fuckfold or whatever. Oh man, cartoons, endless...Archer, Adventure Time, X-Men: TAS, Star Trek: TAS, Ghostbusters: TAS, Metalocalypse (let's be realistic here). Bob Rock, so I could tell that fucker to shut his goddamn mouth whenever he would suggest something. 😊





Pictures of Sounds

←
Philip

Rockin' out! ↓



photos by Juliet Eldred

Jessee



Gene interviews
The Funs in the studio

The Funs
Pure Hype
11.22.13



Fresh From the New Bin:

DJs Review Records



Before a new CD or LP can be added to the WHPK record library, it must be reviewed by DJ, who writes their comments on a small white label affixed to its corner. Here are some recent additions to the "New Bin", including 2013 releases as well as reissues of older music.

Charlie Rock. Music Director

Astral Gunk - *Straight Up James Dean*, Nervous Service
Wild ten tracks that lie on the outskirts of garage, with a singer always on the verge of bloodcurdling screams while the rest of the band threatens to collapse at any second. There's a menacing audacity throughout, especially in the first half of the album. **PLAY THIS SHIT.**
Try: "Cock Rocket", "Tough Love", "Free Love", "Scapegoat", "Top of my Lungs"

Heavy Times - "Fix it Alone", Hozac

While still a fierce collection in line with previous work, *Fix It Alone* is a lot more fluid than *Jacker*, even if it's composed of more (and shorter) songs. Heavy Times took all their strong points and amplified and spread them out here, with standout riffs incorporated into cohesive, yet explosive tracks. The less-frenzied moments of the past are now lush, sugary - even acoustic - oases, only to playfully descend into the cymbal-crashing rock done so well here.

Try: "I'm Single", "Night Manager", "Give Up", "Trouble Walker", "Way Out"

Iceage - *You're Nothing*, Matador

The sophomore effort by the Danish punks is wholly cleaner and more driving than *New Brigade*. There isn't *per se* a bad song in its entirety, and the consistently faster tempo and equal presence of anger are both positives. Yet where the debut shined, this falls: the spotlight on guitar work. Here, the guitars are toned down or muted, such that the anthemic spine is absent, and as a result, the durability of the record is questionable. Still, it's a solid release.

Try: "Coalition", "Morals", "Wounded Hearts", "Awake", "You're Nothing"

Running - Vaguely Ethnic, Castle Face

Chicago punks are back with a grinding, ferocious collection of nine songs packed into just over 20 minutes, with gnarled, jagged riffs characterized by overbearing, heavy noise. Even better is their ability to build a song into a frenzied mess only to let it implode back into a bank of noise, and then catapult it right back again. Its interesting to see them on Castle Face as that this is the darkest, hardest-hitting CF release to date. Not sure how this compares to Running's previous releases on Permanent and Captcha, but consensus is that regardless, this is a great record and a good entry point if you're unfamiliar.

Try: "Wanna Weekend", "This is a You Problem", "Controversial PR", "Employment Vows"

Ty Segall - "Sleeper", Drag City

Ty's ditched garage. Err, at least for an album. As the result of coping with personal loss comes an almost entirely acoustic album, still very much indebted to the 1960s, but in the vein of folk/psych rock. It feels like an album made of necessity and it's solid, especially if you're questioning how this whole Ty-San Francisco-garage-revival underfoot will function as the fad wanes away.

Try: "Crazy", "The Man Man", "6th Street", "The West"

Mike O'Flaherty (Reissues)

Wild Youth - A Leopard Never Changes Her Spots, Fresh Music (originally recorded 1978-80)

Supposedly South Africa's first punk band, this is frenzied, snotty fuzzed-out stuff in a Dolls/Stooges/Dead Boys vein...It sounds extra-exciting and unselfconscious in that first-punk-band-from-some-out-of-the-way-place way (cf. Saints, Enemy, Suicide Commandos, etc.)

Try: "All Messed Up", "Radio Youth", "Action Man", "So Trendy"

V/A - Live At The Masque: Forming, Year One (originally recorded 1978)

Early LA punk live recordings are crucial in a way even the best '77-'78 UK or NY live stuff generally isn't; what translated into fast, streamlined blasts in the studio played out live as dark, screaming, gleeful chaos. Taking Dead Man's Curve at 90 miles an hour and somehow remaining intact, total rock and roll that still feels like free jazz

Try: "Teenage", "Destroy All Music", "TV Dinner", "Violent Girl", "No God", "Hang On To Yourself", "Incomplete Suicide", "Kill Me, Kill Me"

Soundgarden - Superunknown, A&M (1994)

In the wake of their often histrionic and derivative (if rousing) earlier work, Soundgarden suddenly pruned their excesses for a perfectly crafted, brutally direct exploration of a bleak personal and social landscape. The combination of rhythmic dexterity and fluidity with towering torrential sonic onslaughts matches their putative '70s model (rhymes with Fred Pepperdine) but with all the grandeur stripped away by 20 years of intervening despair and horror. They never came close before or after, but this is a masterpiece.

Try: "My Wave", "Fell On Black Days", "Superunknown"

Rob Sperry-Fromm

Deafheaven - Sunbather, Deathwish

Epic, huge-sounding record from this San Francisco black metal/shoegaze/screamo band. Textural, heavy, all-consuming guitars, songs that are long but loaded with ideas and detail and an emotionally direct approach. Killer drumming too, just a good fist-pumper in a lot of ways. PLAY IT ALL.

Diarrhea Planet - I'm Rich Beyond Your Wildest Dreams, Infinity Cat

This album is equal parts hilarious and pretty awesome Party rock (LMFAO™) that incorporates KISS, Weezer, Titus Andronicus, bands like that who basically just want to give you a good time. It succeeds in this modest goal with the help of four (four) guitarists, funny-ass lead vocals. I wish the production let it hit a little harder, but this is basically the stuff of late 80s dreams.

Power Trip - Manifest Decimation, Southern Lord

Straight-up crossover thrash metal done with a beautiful sound, a ton of reverb, cool movie samples à la Pig Destroyer, guitar solos, gang-vocals, the whole deal. It's a little more retro-sounding, less grind-y than you tend to hear these days. Still, sick riffs, good songs to back the nice Texas dive-bar atmosphere. **PLAY IT ALL**

Roomrunner - Ideal Cities, For Death

Loud, crunchy, tight, occasionally noisy math/grunge. Goes after Jesus Lizard, Nirvana, Fugazi, with dissonant riffs that marry to super clear, muscular production. Some of it rocks harder than other parts of it, and some of it is actually pretty heavy. More fun, 90s good/grungy times.

Try: "Bait Car", "Vaporize", "Wojtek", "Duno", "Apse"

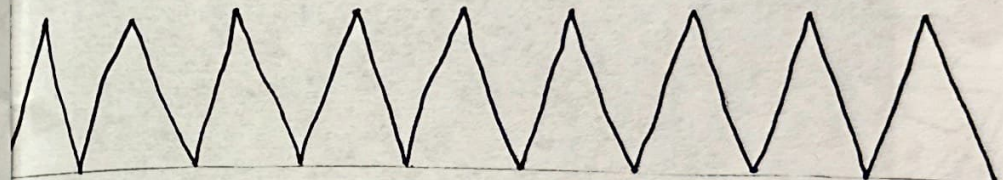
Andrew Fialkowski

Basic Cable - I'm Good to Drive, Permanent

Just-coherent-enough drunk punk featuring the rhythm section of jacker-era Heavy Times, i.e. Luca Cismaruti and Matthew Hord (now of Running). The record retains the I-shouldn't-be-humming-so-loudly-in-a-public-bathroom catchiness of said Heavy Times record whilst refining the

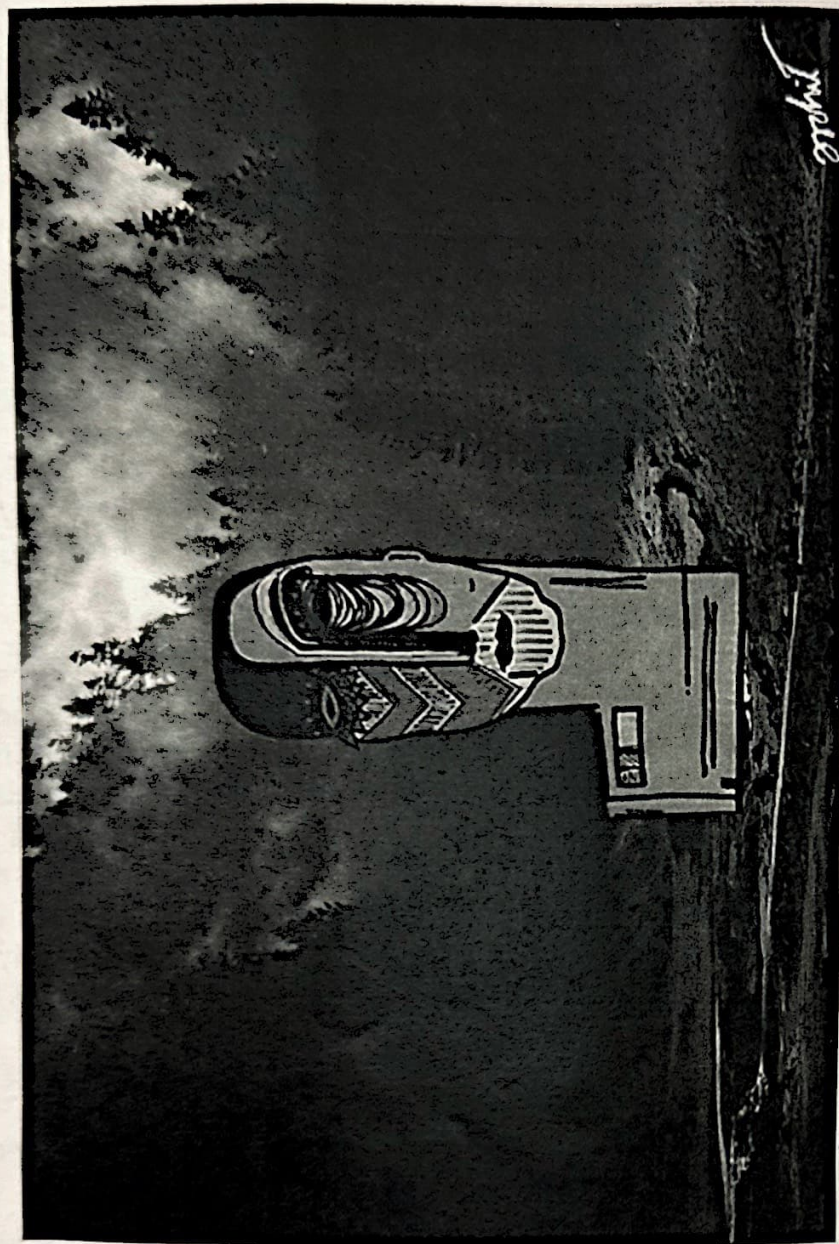
I'll-eat-your-pizza-as-well-as-your-soul assault of recent running efforts (see vaguely ethnic). Less noisy than that record, but still quite loud, *I'm Good to Drive* provides a garage-y, almost synth punk-y sound that is almost without precedent in the Chicago DIY scene. This record deserves to be played copiously and constantly, as it was one of the best efforts to come out of the city in 2013. The only indication that the group existed before the record was a demo released last January, a few shows, and a flexi split with LA's Endless Bummer. The three songs from the aforementioned demo may be the best on the record, but that shouldn't detract from the ass-kicking-ness of the remainder of the cuts. **HIGHLY recommended.**

Try: "Blonde Ambition", "Warmeo", "Winter Weight"



Night of the Hunter - Doomed Tascam, Self-Released

Seven frighteningly dark post-punk tracks from those that preceded Chicago mainstays Radar Eyes (see Anthony Cozzi and Shelley Zawadzki). Unearthed and finalized during the recording sessions for Radar Eyes' forthcoming release, *Doomed Tascam* is an intriguing piece of Chicago rock 'n roll circa '06. Before the record, Night of the Hunter had only released, rather cryptically, two tracks on the always mystical Myspace: "White Mosquito", which is on the record, and the feedback-laden "Minimize." While occasionally incoherently noisy ("Road to Zero") and silly ("Robot Whores"), the record deserves a listen-through for the Ian-Curtis-in-outer-space-deathmatch-with-Albert II-the-space-monkey-like vocals and oft-pleasant bass lines. The highlight of *Doomed Tascam* is undoubtedly "Contra Level 5," a track that combines spacey and spoken vocals with autobahn-caliber speed, really not to be missed. Parts of the LP evoke a lost Man or Astroman? record, and the whole of it sounds quite similar to current Chicago eerie-mongerers King Tuts Tomb. Really worth checking out for general intrigue, plus "Contra level 5" is one of the best tracks to come out of the city this year (or in 2006). **Recommended**



Archit Batlaw



to Be Continued.

"The Pride of the South Side"



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